Untitled Buddy Cop Movie

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Untitled Buddy Cop Movie

by melonmeow

Summary

“I'm telling you buddy, you and I should star in one of those buddy cop movies. We could be like those 21 jump street movies but so much better. Just imagine it, our names on the big screen starring Officer Knight the hunky and loveable hero and his loyal best friend Greg the K9. Together fighting crimes and stopping evil!”

The police dog barked in agreement at Knight’s made up fantasy.

Or;

A small look into Dog man's life before be became the super hero cop we know all know and love today.

Notes

Hello Dog Man fans!

I haven't picked up the pen and written cringe fanfiction since middle school and I think it shows, but the lack of Dog man angst here was completely unacceptable so I had to change that. Anyway, here's my contribution.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Goodboy Greg!” shouted a man from across the field of grass. The man watched as a brown Labrador Retriever came running to him across the park with a green ball in his mouth. He watched as his dog raced down the field towards him and only until his dog got closer, he realized the speed his dog was running at.

“Wait Greg slow down or else you’ll-” before he could finish his sentence, the large canine had lunged himself at the man and started to lick his face causing his owner to giggle. The man’s light giggles turned into full blown laughter as the dog continued to lick his face knowing that there's no stopping Greg the dog when he's in one of his happy moods.

“Ew stop Knight that's so gross” remarked a feminine voice that made Knight and Greg look in the direction of a blonde woman sitting down a checkered blanket with her arms crossed.

“Cmon Alice you know that's how he shows his love” Knight told her as if it was a known fact. The brunette man got up from the ground and the hyperactive dog followed his owner who sat down right next to the blonde and put an arm around her shoulder.

“Oh I'm well aware” She said with an eye roll thinking back to all the times Greg had ruined her outfits by trying to play with her. She liked the cute dog but having her outfits be ruined by dirty paws was starting to get annoying.

“Speaking of love, isn't this supposed to be our date? Why did you bring Greg? it's not very romantic if you ask me” Alice asked looking down at the picnic blanket that consisted of packed sandwiches, a cold bottle of champagne with two glasses, strawberries not covered with chocolate, a bouquet of red roses, and of course Greg who was on the blanket trying to sneakily eat one of the packed sandwiches. When the brown lab noticed Alice staring at him he quickly backed up from the sandwich and looked away trying not to act suspicious.

The blonde woman shook her head and looked back at her boyfriend who was also trying to sneak in a bite of a sandwich. Upon noticing her, Knight threw the sandwich to the ground and tried to play it cool.

“What are you talking about babe? This is super romantic! Greg here planned the whole date for us so I couldn't not invite my wing man, We are a two for one special.” Knight explained to his girlfriend then brought his voice down to a whisper so the dog who was looking at them with his tongue hanging out couldn't hear the next part. “Plus you know how sad he gets when he's left alone”

“If you say so” Alice sighed at the explanation but her annoyed expression turned into a soft smile and leaned her head onto her boyfriend’s chest. The couple and their dog relaxed on the picnic blanket enjoying the soft spring air, but Knight had a better idea.

“Hey I know what would make this date more romantic! how about a little kiss” Knight puckered his lip and leaned closer to Alice. Before he could connect their lips, Alice lightly shoved him away.

“Eww as if!! You have dog saliva all over your face and you stink” Alice pointed out and continued to push Knight’s kisses away while giggling. Despite her futile attempts to avoid the gross kisses she eventually gave in and kissed Knight right back.

Greg watched the couple kiss and checked off his mental list for the day.

Go to the park : Check.
Play fetch: Check.
Set up a romantic picnic date: Check.
Eat sandwiches off the ground: Work in progress.
Happy Couple: Check.

The date had gone off as he planned. Glancing at the loving couple, he wished that he could experience something like that someday but for now he was good. Everything was good.

Police sirens rang into the night sky as a cop car drove down a street at full speed while chasing down another car in front of them.

“This is Officer Kn ight and Greg the dog currently chasing down the suspect. About to close in on them” Officer Knight reported over the radio while manoeuvring the car through a sea of traffic.

“Copy. Be careful these are some dangerous cats we are dealing with and DON'T do anything stupid Officer Knight you hear me” Chief warned them over the police radio.

“Whattttt, when have I ever done something stupid?” Knight asked, offended at the accusation.

“Greg make sure Officer Knight doesn't kill himself tonight AND FOCUS ON THE ROAD KNIGHT!” Chief shouted through the radio knowing Knight was a second way from swerving off the road and hitting a tree. The policeman swerved the car back onto the main road and mumbled “*Not stupid..*” under his breath.

Greg barked into the radio to let Chief know he understands and focused his eyes on the road, locking his eyes onto the cats dangerously driving down the street. Suddenly the car in front of them makes a sharp turn down a dark alleyway and vanishes into the darkness.

“Shit I lost them” Knight squinted as he tried to find the car they were chasing. “Fuck where could they have gone.”

Greg stuck his head out the window and sniffed the air to try and hone in on the criminal’s scent. The canine’s nose picked up a few different odors from the alleyway when suddenly he picked up a weak scent. The scent made the dog's ear perk up and realized that what he was smelling was a scent of feline and narcotics, a scent he was familiar with in his line of work.

The police dog let out a bark to alert his companion and Knight nodded and stepped on the gas. The cop steered the car down a dark path with Greg trying his best to signal his partner

where to turn. The canine's lack of hands and voice made the situation tricky with Knight guessing where to turn based on Greg's body language.

The scent led them to a run down building where there seemed to be no one around. The duo got out of the vehicle and walked towards the building with caution. Knight approached the door and yelled out "Step out of the building immediately! I have my dog with me and we both aren't afraid to bite"

Seriously? Greg looked at his partner with an unamused look and then put his attention towards the eerie building. It seemed to be at least three stories tall with busted windows and graffiti painted on the outer walls. A sudden movement on the second floor window catches his attention. It was an orange blur and with that the smart dog quickly put together what was happening. Before he could alert his partner of the situation, the cop had busted down the door with a hard kick.

"Get ready to face the fury of the handsome Officer Knight and his fearsome canine friend Greg the d-" Greg jumped on Knight to push him out of the way of a laser that had fired directly at them. If Greg hadn't reacted quickly, his coworker would have been smitten into dust. The two of them looked up to where the laser had been fired from, to see a wicked grin with sharp teeth smiling down at them.

Petey, the world's most evilest cat, stood on top of a balcony and he wasn't alone. A gang of tough looking cats surrounded the two officers on the floor, all of them looking ready for a fight.

"Well Well look who it is boys, if it ain't tweedledum and tweedledee. Congrats on falling right into my trap! Unfortunately If you want to stop me you have to go through my loyal henchmen first" Petey proclaimed and let out his iconic laughter.

"Yo Petey, are we going to get paid after this? We were thinking of hitting up Dippy's donuts after this" A large grey muscular cat quickly asked, interrupting Petey's evil laugh.

"Huh? Mr. Whiskers I told you we'll discuss it LATER now go beat up those two idiots so we can get donuts quicker!" Petey flicked his tail in annoyance and looked down at his sworn enemies only to realize the spot they were at was suddenly empty.

"Uhhh Petey they arent here anymore.." a brown tabby cat helpfully pointed out looking at the vacant spot.

"Yes Felipe, I can clearly see that." Petey pinched his bridge of his nose in frustration. "Now go find that mutt and his stupid friend or I swear to god I'm placing a bomb inside that donut place" Petey shouted at all of them causing the cats to panic at the thought of their favorite donut place being destroyed, but while everyone was distracted, the cop duo had come up with a plan to take the kitties down.

Officer Knight and Greg the dog looked at eachother and without words being spoken, they knew what the plan was. With a reassuring look and a quick fist bump, they jumped into action. Officer Knight taking out the rugged cats with his kung fu skills and Greg rushing towards Petey while everyone was distracted.

The rush, the adrenaline, the sensation of a fight gave the police dog a high of excitement. Taking down bad guys while helping people with his best friend was everything he ever dreamed (well that and eating cake too but he's sure he'll get to that someday) Tonight he truly felt glad to be alive.

—-

"WOOHOO time to partayyy" an intoxicated Knight yelled as he entered his house, barely able to walk. Greg's ears perked up and immediately got up from the book he was reading on the couch to go and greet his favorite people.

"The party's over honey we're home now" Alice told her boyfriend, who was hanging onto her for balance support. Knight and Alice had just got back from a party celebrating Knight getting promoted at work for taking down Petey and putting him back in Cat Jail for the hundredth time.

"And who says the party has to stop ? We can have fun here with little Greg" the drunk man stumbled into the house and lightly went to pet the dog next to him. Greg could smell the alcohol on him and could tell he had a few to many drinks. Knight has always been a lightweight.

Knight drunkenly walked over to the record player in the living room and placed a random record in. With a click of a button , Bobby Darin's " Call me Irresponsible" filled the room.

Call me Irresponsible
Call me unreliable

Knight didn't waste any time to walk over to his girlfriend and interlocked their hands together and began to sing along to the romantic song.

Throw in undependable too
Do my foolish alibis bother you

Greg let out a happy bark and lightly hopped to mimic that he was dancing too. Knight snorted at the dog's antics and kept on swaying to the old song with Alice.

Well I'm not to clever
I just adore you

Knight's over the top singing resulted in him stumbling to the ground, causing Greg and Alice to try and help the intoxicated man up.

"Ahh I'm so drunk right now " The buzzed man laughed as his canine friend licked his face.

"Yeah no shit, I'll go get you a glass of water. Greg stay here and make sure he doesn't die" the blonde woman sighed as she got up off the floor and headed towards the kitchen to get some water for her dumb drunk boyfriend.

Greg nodded at the woman's word and tried to help Knight sit up just in case he vomited and accidentally started to choke on his own fluids..again. Managing to get his owner up, Knight

began to rub his head. “Awwww thanks buddy, you're always looking after me.”

Greg hummed in return and wagged his tail at the praise his owner gave to him.

“Honestly I would not have been promoted if it were for you. Matter of fact I wouldn't even be alive if it weren't for you”. The intoxicated man’s voice started to tremble and his eyes began to water.

“You're the only reason why I'm alive dude. I’d totally die for you Greg you hear me?” Knight’s drunken confession quickly turned into dramatic sobs and he hugged his canine friend and cried into his fur. Greg’s tail stopped wagging and his demeanour shifted from happy to worried.

The drunk man continued to sob and held his dog tight.

“Please don't ever leave me Greg. I know I can be an idiot but I wuv you. I would die for you” the confused labrador whined at the man’s dark words and tried to lick his tears away. Alice walked in the living room to witness her boyfriend on the floor crying to his dog.

“Babe stop, you're scaring Greg” Knight ignored his girlfriend’s words and continued his drunken rant.

“If we were ever in a situation where it was my life over yours, I'm saving your life. A million times over and I wouldn't regret it one single time. You mean so much to me and you make my life worth living and and and-” the intoxicated man started to get too overworked by his emotions and only gibberish started to come out of his mouth. Greg didn't like what his handler was saying and frowned.

“Babe please, you're drunk. Lets go to bed now” Alice held out her hand to her drunken idiot.

“Mmmm…Okay!” Knight said happily and grabbed onto his girlfriend’s hand and let her lead them into their bedroom as if he wasn't just having a breakdown on the floor not ten seconds ago.

“Goodnight Greg, love ya!” Knight shouted back at the dog's direction and with that silence filled the house again and everything went back to normal, but Greg was still stuck on Knight’s words.

Choosing Greg's life over his own?

What a weird thing to say.

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Lunch break was Greg’s favorite time of the day. Along with getting ready for work with Knight, chasing down bad guys with Knight, helping the elderly cross the street with Knight, the list goes on… but lunch was definitely on the top of that list.

Lunch break with his coworker meant just relaxing in their cruiser and listening to his handler talk about whatever little thing had caught his attention that day.

“I'm telling you buddy, you and I should star in one of those buddy cop movies. We could be like those 21 jump street movies but so much better. Just imagine it, our names on the big screen starring Officer Knight the hunky and loveable hero and his loyal best friend Greg the K9. Together fighting crimes and stopping evil!”

The police dog barked in agreement at Knight’s made up fantasy.

Knight took that bark as a response to keep on rambling about his idea. “Yeah and we would have epic costumes and there would be tons of explosions to make us look extra badass. Oh and we would totally do our own stunts, none of that fake shit because we are the real deal.”

“Ruff!” Greg’s tail wagged and started to imagine them as Hollywood actors with a hit movie. It sounds fun in theory but a movie could never replicate the rush he feels when they are out on patrol trying to keep the city safe.

“Yeah I think I have to agree with you on that one. I don't need to have my own movie when I got everything I got right here with you and Alice” The policeman replied, somehow understanding what his furry friend was thinking. He petted the canine’s head and Greg leaned into the touch. “ Hey can I tell you something Greg ? Promise me you wont tell anyone”

Greg tilted his head in curiosity and chose to ignore the last part. Knight reached into his pocket and pulled out a box. Greg sniffed the box and realized what it was. An engagement ring.

“ Alice and I have been going steady for a couple of years now and I think it's about time I settle down with her. I know this is a serious step in my life but I think this is right. What do you think buddy, should I go for it?” Knight asked his companion, scratching his head nervously.

Wedding? Alice? Family!!!

Greg barked and jumped on partner. He can see it clearly now, Knight and Alice tying the knot and settling down. Maybe they’ll even have kids. Greg loved being around children. The dog’s tail starts wagging rapidly thinking about the future of his family.

“Okay Okay I get it you approve ! You're definitely going to be my best man no matter what Alice says” Knight continues petting the canine but suddenly their happy moment was interrupted by a serious voice cutting through the radio.

“Officer Knight, are you doing that thing where you talk to your dog about some stupid crap like being movie stars again?” Chief stern voice spoke through the radio.

“Yeah that's exactly what I was doing, what's up. ” Officer Knight replied nonchalantly, placing the ring back in his pocket.

“What's up is that your break has been over 15 minutes ago and there's been a report of a bomb in downtown and I need you two to get over there RIGHT NOW!” Chief spit back bitterly.

“We're on it!” Knight shifted into action and grabbed onto the wheel with a firm grip.

“Greg the dog, hit the sirens” Knight ordered. Greg gave a light determined nod, he knew what to do and stuck out his head out of the passenger window.

With a howl, two of the city's finest were off to save the day once again.

This wasn't how it was supposed to happen.

It was all going fine, him and Officer Knight had dealt with bombs before so this should have been resolved quickly. Greg had sniffed out the correct wire to cut to stop the bomb from detonating and pointed it out to his partner.

Knight had cut the wrong wire.

Before Greg could fully register his heart dropping to his stomach, the bomb had exploded.

The brown dog woke up to gray smoke and fires surrounding him. He felt confused and tried to move from the spot he laid on to try and find his friend, but his body wasn't responding. He couldn't feel his body and panic began to overtake him. Greg didn't know what to do so he did the only thing he could, he howled.

Greg began to howl not only from the pain of the explosion but from the fact that he could’t find Knight. Greg had failed to protect him. The injured dog continued to cry and felt his lungs starting to fill with smoke. Feeling weak and scared, the dog realized that this was probably the end for him.

All of a sudden, a pair of familiar strong hands grabbed him and lifted the wounded canine off the ground.

It was Knight who was holding onto him, but when the police dog looked up to see his owner, his eyes filled with shock. The man’s face was badly burnt. Half of his face was charred and red. The smell of raw foul flesh overtook the dog’s senses but all Greg could do was stare at his injured savior.

“Don’t worry boy I got you” Knight spoke out, clearly in pain but trying his best to comfort his companion. The scarred man carried his friend down to safety and then everything went black again for the paralysed dog.

—-

Next thing Greg saw when he opened his eyes was fluorescent lights and two heads dressed in surgical suits looking down at him. The injured dog looked to his left and saw his partner laying down with bandages covering his charred face, trying to save what was left of it. The canine was in a similar position with his body in a cast, still not being able to feel a single thing.

Greg barely felt conscious but picked up on the few words being spoken around him.

My body was dying?

There's no saving Knight's head.

Sewing my head on Knight's body?

No.

Greg didn't understand what was going on and let out a scared whimper. The heavily bandaged man felt his friend's discomfort and tried his best to search for his friend's head. He felt his hand touching a familiar head of fur and lightly rubbed the dog's head in an attempt to comfort the crying dog.

"Everything is going to be okay buddy" Knight spoke softly and the last thing Greg saw before everything went black again was his best friend giving the doctor a thumbs up.

With Knight's hands on his head, the scared dog closed his eyes and savored their last moment together. This would be the last he would feel safe in a very long time.

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Things didn't feel real anymore. Nothing was right.

Greg was alive. He could breathe, he could walk, and he could feel his heart beat when he pressed his "hands" to his "chest". All these things indicate that Greg was alive, but he simply wasn't there.

He wasn't Greg anymore and he wasn't Knight.

He didn't feel alive and deep down knows that his whole existence was wrong. Others saw himself as a miracle, a hero risen from the grave, but he saw himself as a monster. At least Alice thought so too.

—

It was the day of Officer Knight's memorial service.

Everyone from the police station and a few citizens had come over to pay their respect and mourn over the brave police officer that bravely sacrificed his life for his dog and for the city. Many people walked over to Greg, better now known as Dog man, to pay their respect to his past loved one. Even the new reporter lady had come and gave him a big hug and told him how sorry she was.

Dog man didn't pay attention to the people talking to him, instead focusing on a woman crying frantically on the ground. Alice, who usually had a cheery smile on her face and only wore bright colors was now on the floor sobbing dressed in all black.

The human dog hybrid walked over to the woman, wanting to feel a sense of familiarity and to comfort her. He crouched down next to her and out of habit, tried to lick her tears away. Alice immediately got up and pushed the hybrid away from her.

“D-Don’t touch me! You're not him. You took him away from me” Alice shouted with tears streaming down her face. She looked at him with an accusatory stare and continued. “He would still be alive if it weren't for you. You're no hero, **you're a monster**.”

The room went completely silent and Dog man couldn't do anything but stay still and take her words because deep down he knew she was right.

Alice was a mess and with tears still rolling off her face, she looked at the dog who had the wrong body one last time.

“He loved you more than me. He threw everything away just for you and left me alone. I hate you I hate you I hate you” Alice broke down and left the service, and that was the last time he would see her again.

Dog man could not move a muscle and just stood there looking at the ground sadly. He felt tears fill his eyes and let out a whimper.

He ruined everything.

Suddenly the dog felt a strong yet reassuring hand on his shoulder and he looked up to see Chief looking at him with a somber look in his eyes.

“C’mon son, let's get you home”

—-

Dog man walked into the house and felt nothing but a deep sense of emptiness. His home didn't bring the same sense of comfort it used to bring when he had Knight. It felt too cold, too big, and too lonely. It was still the same house from before the incident but it was different. Even the air felt off.

The dog headed man aimlessly walked through the house and stopped at the living room. He stood there scared to look around.

Everything hurt to remember.

The dog lifted his head and a certain frame hanging on the wall grabbed his attention. He walked over to the frame which held a photo of Knight and Alice hugging each other with Greg in the center. Everyone had bright happy smiles on their faces. The dog-man hybrid looked at the photo and an angry emotion started to bubble in his chest. The hybrid gripped the frame tighter until the glass cracked under his skin, not caring that his thumb was leaking

blood. With a growl, the canine threw the frame across the room and began knocking everything in the room to the ground.

It's not fair.

A vase of red roses shattered to the ground.

Why couldn't I save him?

A record player fell with a thud.

It should have been me that died!

Various items from books to movie cds all fell to the ground after Dog man kicked down a bookshelf, but a certain green sphere rolled towards the canine and stopped directly at his feet. The small green object was enough to break the dog headed man from his episode. He gently picked it up and lightly caressed it, turning the green tennis ball around to see what was written on it. It was a name poorly written on the tennis ball in black sharpie ink. **GREG**.

Just reading the name on the ball caused the hybrid to crumble to the ground and weep while holding the ball tight to his chest.

I'm sorry Knight. I wish you were here. I should have hugged you more. I should have been gentler playing with you and Alice. I should have been smarter. I promise I'll be a good boy from now on. I love you.

Greg's cries got weaker and went into a whimper as he curled himself up to the tennis ball.

I'm all alone now.

The dog hybrid did not stop whimpering as he laid down in the middle of the wrecked room he created. With heavy eyes, he began to dream about a more innocent time from his past, a past that was long gone.

—-

In the middle of a busy police station, stood a man standing awkwardly. He was a short man with an athletic build dressed in a police uniform. He played with his thumbs when he noticed another man walk in with a dog by his side.

It was the Chief of the police station and in his hand he held onto a leash that belonged to a younger version of Greg the dog, dressed in a K9 dog harness. Both of them walked over the man standing nervously and Greg tilted his fluffy head at the sight of the stranger in front of him.

"Officer Knight I'd like to introduce you to Greg the police dog. He graduated top of the puppy police training program and is a very serious canine whose sense of smell is unmatched. I have decided that Greg here will work together with you to keep you in line." said the Chief, introducing the police dog to the younger cop.

Chief looked down to the young canine “Greg the dog, meet Officer Knight. He's a bit of a dumbass but with you around I'm sure you two will work.”

The serious canine walked over to the strange man in front of him and sniffed him. He smelled of sweat and grass. Greg liked the smell of the weird man. Officer Knight let out a laugh and knelt down to the dog’s level.

He began to softly pet the canine’s head and spoke to the young dog

“Hey little man, I'm your new coworker i'm happy to be working with you”

Greg looked up at his new handler and felt joy. He wagged his tail and Officer Knight continued to pet him.

“Looks like we got the rest of our lives together.”

End Notes

Most of this was written while being sleep deprived so if you noticed any big grammatical error while reading please forgive me. Here are some notes that I want to make clear.

- Knight's love for Greg was based on me and my own pets. Especially the part where he starts crying thinking about his dog dying.

- The cat that Petey yelled at, "Felipe", is the name of my cat.

-The 21 jump street mention was in reference to the fact that the Dogman art book refers to Officer Knight as "Reminiscent of Channing Tatum in 21 Jump Street".

- I tried not to make Alice a bad person because she's honestly just a person grieving her dead boyfriend. This was written before the release of the movie here in the States so If she is portrayed differently then oh well.

That's about it, I hope you guys enjoyed.

The movie comes out next week and my tail is wagging just thinking about it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!